

PRETTY PEARLINA'S PASSION;

The Most Loveliest Cash Girl in Hoboken.
A THRILLING TALE OF PROUD PRIDE.

BY MRS. GASOLINE PHLEGMITY,
Author of "Tuttitutti's Ten Lovers,"
"Why She Slapped Him," "Only
a Cook Lady," etc., etc.

(This Story will not be Published in Book Form.)

CHAPTER I.

"I'm the most beautiful beauty that ever was seen, but I can't be happy without a rich lover and a silver hairpin."

Pretty Pearlina was walking along the road which extended from the city to the little village where she lived with her widowed mother and father and 16 little orphans. The sky was blue with here and there a piece of white cloud and several very nice rolled gold streaks from the sun, which was going down real fast in the east. Green grass covered the fields like a carpet of velvet, and upon the forebills of the stately oaks sweet songsters poured out great streams of fluid melody.

Lightly tripping herself up through this nice scene of Mamma Nature, Pretty Pearlina, the most loveliest cash lady in Hoboken, made a delicious picture. In fact, it would be real mean to call her less than a mermaid. She was beautiful as a dream away from the ball. Her threadbare garments—which she wore very short in the skirt and sleeves and low in the neck, after the manner of cash lady heroines—did not conceal the exquisite woodrussiness of her sylvan form. But there was a tiny frown upon her lovely face, and her rosebud lips were quite a good sized pout.

"I'm the most beautiful beauty that ever was seen," she murmured, stamping her dainty foot, "but I can't be happy without a rich lover and a silver hairpin."

She did not see the footsteps of her floor-walker behind her, and she jumped "way up when he hissed between his front teeth: "Aha, aha, pretty Pearlina! So I have discovered why you have refused my heart and both of my hands every Saturday night for two years! You hope to capture some Hoboken swell! But it shall not be! Never-r-r-r! I swear!"

Before he could swear a tall, handsome young man, with a curled mustache and creased pants, sprang forward and threw him upward out of sight.

"Oh, what a lovely man!" screamed Pearlina to herself. "I wonder if he would fall in love with me at first sight if I was rich!"

She raised her lipped eyelids, fringed and all, to his, and a double edged pain of delight bit both their hearts at once. In a moment he had thrust his new overcoat sleeves several times around her slender waist, and as she leaned her back hair against his chrysanthemum their mouths met in one long, wide kiss.

"Pretty Pearlina," he cried, instinctively knowing her name and address, "be mine, and you shall have a silver hairpin and never do anything but breathe."

At that moment a cold, haughty beauty, with the usual quantity of curling lip, disdainful eyes and cruel sneer, confronted the lovers.

"Aha, Reginald Smythe-Smith, so this is the homeliness which will keep you promise to me. Aha! And you, my nasty, horrid thing! You think to win him from me, but in one instant and a half you die!"

A flash of steel, and a silver hairpin lay interred in Pearlina's cream puff sleeve. With remarkable presence of mind our hero extracted it without pain and presented it to our heroine as a betrothal gift.

"Ain't it nice!" cried Pretty Pearlina, using her fluteliest tones.

Hearing a sharp click, Reginald let up on the shower of assorted kisses that he was raining upon the lovely turned up face near his arched and groined, "All is lost!"

For the haughty beauty covered them with an army musket that she had concealed in the folds of her dress.

Pretty Pearlina pressed his collar button into the stern of Reginald's neck and remarked, "E-e-e!"

Hearing a rush of air above them our hero looked up.

"Saved!" he yelled, and even as he spoke down came the floor walker on top of the villainess. Our hero had thrown him so high that he had just returned to earth. A loud explosion followed, and

The continuation of Mrs. Gasoline Phlegmity's brilliant romance, entitled "Pretty Pearlina's Passion," will be found in No. 1,111 of the Suckie Companion, now ready and for sale by all newsdealers.—Life.

Literally True.

Mrs. Squire-James, the doctor says the milk you've been selling me has microbes in it and is unfit to drink.

The milkman (bottly)—It ain't a bit worse than the lake water you drink every day.—Chicago Tribune.

The Hero and His Wife.

To the practices of heroes brave his life had been conformable. There were no deeds which they performed which he found unperformable.

And all the aims which they pursued he said he'd found pursuable.

And all the fears which they had done he found were quickly doable.

For any act of bravery he said he was reliable.

And all achievements he would try, he promised, that were tryable.

And any mountain he would climb, if its ascent was possible.

And any ocean he would cross that any man found crossable.

For killing grizzly bears and such he said he was invincible.

They could not make him dodge or wince, because he was not winceable.

He'd killed with perfect ease, he said, all brutes and beasts discoverable.

One slash from his almighty hand, and they were irretrievable.

His strength was most ineffable, was wondrous and inscrutable.

For killing sharks and elephants peculiarly "was suitable."

He'd made the roaring catamount no longer recognizable, and pulverized the ramping bull and found him pulverizable.

In savage islands of the sea he'd fought the bloody cannibal.

He'd killed and tamed fierce dragons wild and found them very tameable.

He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable.

No box constrictor could escape, for he was unescapeable.

He'd fought with hippopotami with ferocious inconceivable.

In ways he'd ask you to believe, were they not unbelievable.

No word of fear escaped his lips, no word, aye, not a syllable.

When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

His wife here entered in the store; her look was as most indomitable.

He went in her scorching glare, her fierceness

"Come home and tend the twins," she said, "I wish to make you usable."

And, ah! the way she yanked him home was really inexpressible.

—New York World.

POOR CHILDREN.

Big Names For Youngsters of the Future If This Idea "Goes."

Among the reforms which the coming woman will probably insist upon upon political rights will be a modification in the present custom which requires her to adopt the name of the man whom she marries. Ladies of advanced ideas have long maintained that this custom was a relic of barbarism as well as a badge of servitude. Its origin can be clearly traced to the uncivilized ages of rapine, when a wife was captured, not courted; won after the fashion of Romulus, not wooed after the manner of Romeo. In barbarous times and among savage people if a man wanted a wife he would go out and hunt one, just as he would food or some other thing essential to his comfort, and after he had bagged her would take her home and set her to cooking and making herself generally useful. She was his property by right of capture, and he called her by his name to prevent any mistakes in the matter of title. Possibly originally he may have branded her with his mark to keep thieves and unprovided bachelors from helping themselves to his stock. As time went on, however, and women became more abundant wives were much more easily captured, their disposition to run away from wife hunters apparently decreasing in precise proportion to the increase in their number, and it became unnecessary to do more than bring them into the household camp and give them the name of their owner.

The custom of forcing the wife to assume her husband's name and regarding her as a sort of matrimonial chattel finally became so firmly established that woman herself came to acquiesce in it as a matter of course and even to take pride in it. But there is clearly neither logic nor justice in it, and the coming woman is likely to protest against it as a survival of barbarism and as a mark of inequality. If man nowadays, when he feels in want of a wife, went out, as he did in the early ages, and captured one, there would be some reason in imposing his name upon her. But in point of fact he does not do all the hunting and capturing at the present day.

He is quite frequently the hunted and the captured, and it is the height of audacity for him in such cases to expect his captor to take his name and allow him all the honors of war. Apart from such considerations as these, there is no more reason why a woman should take a man's name when she marries him than that the man should take hers. If there is to be a change, why should he not change his? When John Jones marries Mary Smith, why should he not be known as Mr. Mary Smith rather than as Mrs. John Jones? What has been the logic for the goosie all these years ought to be logic for the gender under the new dispensation. Under the old custom we have had innumerable Mrs. Generals, Mrs. Presidents, Mrs. Doctors, etc. The wife, it must be admitted, nearly always is Mrs. General in point of fact, but why should it not be quite as logical for the husband to take her title, when she has one, as she is sure to have under the better regime that is promised us? If she is a judge, a doctor, a bishop or the like, the man could be conveniently and accurately described as the husband of Mrs. Bishop or Mrs. Judge So-and-so, giving him the benefit both of her glory and her maiden name.

Before the fall of man and the period when he was forced to capture his wives there appear to have been perfect equity and equality in the matter of names in matrimonial contracts. When Eve married, she did not change her name to Mrs. Adam. She insisted on preserving her individuality and her family identity by retaining her maiden name. Nor do business partners at the present time surrender their name when they enter into these relations. Why should not something of the same sort be done in matrimonial partnerships? If a woman named Green should marry a man named Dunn, for instance, the firm could be known as Green, Dunn & Co., the company being the general name for the children. If Mrs. Green should have a son John who should marry a woman named Brown, he could sign himself John Green-Dunn Brown. In this way the family pedigree could be preserved in the names, and the family tree would be easily climbed. The fact that family names would soon grow as long as the titles of some of the foreign princes who marry American girls furnishes no valid objection to this suggestion, but rather an aristocratic charm.

—Baltimore Sun.

Mending Association.

A Ladies' Mending association has come into being which besides fulfilling a want will provide employment for some of the many poor gentlewomen whose abilities do not soar above the level of homely needlework. To some people, strange as it may seem, mending has a curious fascination. They shrink away in nervous terror from a length of new material and a pair of scissors to revel over a three cornered tear or rejoice in a huge darn. To such, therefore, the work of the new association will be not only remunerative, but pleasant.—Lady's Pictorial.

Mrs. Livermore.

Mrs. Livermore delivered the address to the graduating class at Wheaton seminary, Norton, Mass., on June 27, the first time in the 59 years' history of this institution that this office was performed by a woman. The week previous she delivered the address before the literary societies of New Hampton seminary, N. H., one of the oldest educational institutions of the state.

Decorated by a King.

An American woman, Mma. de Hegerman-Lindercrone, has received from the king of Sweden the decoration of "Litteris et Artibus" for her skill in conducting an opera which she gave at her home in Sweden. This lady is the third woman to receive this honor, Jenny Lind and Nilsson being the ones previously decorated.



HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.

No Mixed Shoes and Dresses.

In every complete line of summer shoes there are from six to eighteen good browns, all the same price and all good styles in their proper places. Brown is an art shade, but it takes an artist to use it effectively. A brown shoe needs a brown stocking every time, and brown shoes and stockings are most effective against brown. The dress may not be brown, but a ruffle, band or hem of that shade should come near the leather; otherwise the foot is conspicuous. Many well dressed women never mix their shoes and dresses.

The Business Woman's Uniform.

Look at nine women out of ten and one will see that the business dress for working women has solved itself. It consists of a shirt waist, dark skirt and sailor hat. This costume is cool and comfortable and saves heavy laundry bills. It has been in vogue for three summers now and is more popular than ever.

Nor is it the costume of the working girl alone. The belle who shops and the clerk who waits on her wear exactly the same costume. Verily it is a great leveller.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Miss Ackerman's Reward.

Miss Jennie Ackerman had a gift of \$1,000 offered her in Australia, but declined it, saying she preferred to leave it for the women's white ribbon work. Such an outcry of protest was made at her refusal that the matter seems to be still pending. Miss Ackerman, who has invested seven years of work in Australia without fee or reward, except as it came in collections, might well allow friends to give her this deserved testimonial.—Boston Woman's Journal.

"Queen Elizabeth."

The town of Williamsbridge, N. Y., is controlled politically by a woman "boss." She is Mrs. Elizabeth Hieman, and is known as "Queen Elizabeth." She is postmistress, deals in real estate, is a lobbyist at Albany, is a notary public and has made Williamsbridge a good, bustling town out of the sleepy village it was. Incidentally she has made \$150,000 during the past four years. She is a comely widow, "fair, fat and 40."—Chicago Tribune.

Food For Thought.

Here is food for thought in a question propounded by a Boston woman. "What would prevent," she asks, "if we were to have universal suffrage in Massachusetts, our disfranchising the male population? Nothing in the world if we are united. There are 49,000 more women than men in this state, and we should have it all our own way and would soon be masters of the political situation."

Will Fete the Yale Men.

Mrs. Phipps, whose husband is a partner of Andrew Carnegie, and who has taken Lord Lytton's place at Knebworth, has invited the Yale men to visit her, and she will give a ball in their honor. Her son, a Yale undergraduate, knows the men of the team well and went over on the New York with them.

A Pretty Variation.

At Tufts college class day this year the girl students marched in the procession for the first time. It was only the freshman class whose ranks were varied. The Boston Herald says, "A very pretty variation they were, too, and a much more unfamiliar one than they will be in the future."

Mrs. Palmer's Appointment.

Mrs. Fanny Purdy Palmer of Providence has been appointed state factory inspector under the new law by Governor Brown. She will hold the office for three years, with a salary of \$1,500 a year. Mrs. Palmer is a woman of broad culture and a writer of ability.

Miss Margaret Foley is still overseer of the stone yard in New Brunswick, where she was engaged last year. The yard is owned by Mr. Nelson, city treasurer, who is reported as saying that his overseer has all the common sense, physical endurance and force of character of the best men.

Mrs. Grace M. Kimball of Oakland, Cal., has recently been granted an important patent for a "sash fastener," which holds the window securely when it is either open or closed. It is described as an ingenious, simple and effective device.

An English woman writes in one of her journals: "The mannish woman is peculiar to England. An American woman does pretty nearly everything a man does, but she doesn't do it in a mannish way."

Buckles are now seen on almost every costume. Twisted ones of sterling silver and gold rope are among the latest designs and are worn at either the throat or belt.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, the only daughter of the late woman suffrage advocate, Lucy Stone, has taken up her deceased mother's life work.

An Astor Who Lectures.

The world of thinking women now counts Miss Margaret Livingstone Chanler among its lecturing enthusiasts coming out boldly for female suffrage.

She is the second sister of William Astor Chanler, the returned explorer of Africa, who is now with his sisters at the family country seat, Ardmore, at Barrytown - on Hudson. How would their gracious grandmother, Margaret Armstrong Astor, marvel at their strange departures! Fortune gave them opportunity to be idlers, but they show the energy of good stock well developed. On the 23d of June the youngest sister of the family became of age. The event was duly celebrated at "Rokeby." The formalities of the legal settlements incidental to the coming of age of the youngest of the Chanler family will be adjusted on the other side. Miss Margaret acquired her fearlessness of public speaking through association with her aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

What Made Them Mad.

The women of Louisiana are mad—at least some of them are. A committee of them went to Baton Rouge to "petition the legislature," quite a new departure for southern women. And they told the governor what they wanted very bluntly and very explicitly, only to be told by the governor in response that "women were too good to be dragged into politics." And that is what made them mad. Small blame to them, for whether one is in touch with their demands or not one can recognize that when a woman asks for broad—politically leavened—she does not care to be supplied with sugar plums and metaphorically told she is a pretty child. The governor of Louisiana was gallant, but not up to date.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not This Time.

Grandma—I see that the locusts with a "W" on their wings are out again. It means "war" whenever they appear. Miss Laura—Not this time, grandma. It means "woman." This is the era of our emancipation.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cream Chocolate Caramels.

Mix together in a granite ware saucepan half a pint of sugar, half a pint of molasses, half a pint of thick cream, one generous tablespoonful of butter and four ounces of chocolate. Place on the fire and stir until the mixture boils. Cook until a few drops of it will harden if dropped into ice water; then pour into well-buttered pans, having the mixture about three inches deep. When nearly cold mark into squares. It will take almost an hour to boil this in a granite ware pan, but not half so long if cooked in an iron frying-pan. Stir frequently while boiling. The caramels must be put in a very cold place to harden.

Madame's Silken Petticoat has become an article of artistic elegance, made of rich brocades and moire silks, and trimmed with lace-covered ruffles and flounces of chiffon, and is almost as important an item of dress as the gown which is worn over it. A very dainty skirt is made of black and white striped silk with a flounce of yellow satin at the bottom, over which is a plaited silk muslin ruffle edged with narrow black guipure, and headed with black insertion and a ruche of muslin. White satin and white chiffon is the ideal combination for a bridal petticoat.

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